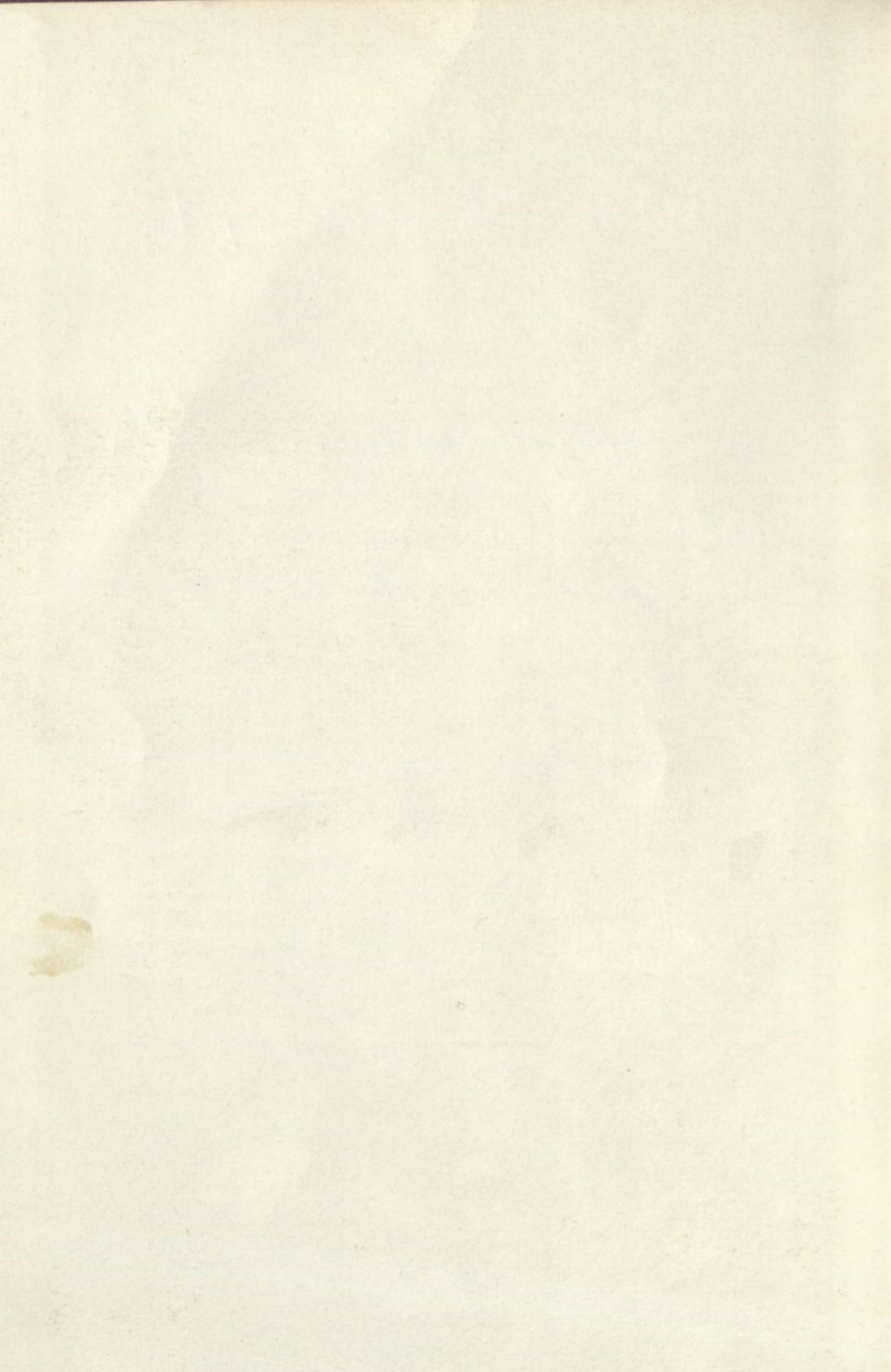




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The WESTERN



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VOLUME XXVI

ISSUE I

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Spooks and Such

Once upon a time there were four little boys who lived in the deep, dark woods of South Georgia. Their names were Jumbo, Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo. Jumbo was by far the largest. Mumbo was by far the next to the largest. Fumbo was by far the next to the next to the largest. And Tumbo was by far the smallest. They all lived together in a little brick house with their Ma and Pa.

One night Ma and Pa wanted to go to a party down at Coon Holler, which was on the other side of a patch of woods. Jumbo, who was by far the largest, said for them to go ahead to the party. He said that he would look after his three brothers.

So Ma and Pa fancied around and got all ready to go. Their four boys stood at the doorway to say goodby. Ma kissed Jumbo on the forehead. Then she kissed Mumbo on the nose. Next she kissed Fumbo on one cheek. And she kissed Tumbo on the other cheek. Then she and Pa struck out on the road toward Coon Holler.

It was about sundown and shadows were lengthening in the yard. Jumbo scrambled Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo into the house and locked the door tight. Then he closed all the windows and locked them. Then he put a brick in front of every rat hole. And at last he built a rip-roaring fire in the fireplace so nothing could climb down the chimney.

There was no doubt about it. Big Jumbo was scared. And you can bet that Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo were scared, too. Their eyes grew as big as saucers every time the wind whippety-whipped around the house. They got so awful scared when a bush beat against the window that they nearly jumped out of their skins. It was clear that there was only one thing to do. Jumbo, Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo all agreed that they should get out Pa's trusty shotgun for protection.

Well, big Jumbo got out the gun and loaded it with shells. He set it up right next to his chair. This was okay. This protection would keep things away. So Mumbo lay on the floor and mumbled. Fumbo sat up on a stool fumbling with his fiddle. Tumbo tumbled about on the floor. And big Jumbo just sat in Pa's easy chair with his hand on the shotgun.

Soon it got awful dark outside. It was so dark out there that a boy wouldn't know his own mother. A hoot-owl was hooting just outside the window and a pack of dogs were howling off in the distance. Every now and then the wind whistled down the chimney and set the red flames of the fire to jumping. It was terribly spooky; and Jumbo, Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo were all terribly afraid of spooky nights.

Somehow it seemed that Pa's shotgun wasn't enough protection. The three oldest boys sat in the middle of the floor, put their heads together, and thought. First they thought thisaway and then they thought thataway. Little Tumbo tumbled about on the floor because that was the way he could think best.

It wasn't long before Tumbo jumped up and announced a plan. He said he would climb into the big china doll that sat on the mantel and shine a flashlight through the doll's eyes. That would surely scare away spooks and mean people. Everyone knows that spooks and mean people are deathly afraid of light shining from a china doll's eyes. So it was decided. In two shakes of a sheep's tail big Jumbo had helped little Tumbo climb up inside the china doll.

Well, now things seemed more safe. It was cozy with big Jumbo sitting in Pa's easy chair, his hand on the shotgun, and little Tumbo shining the light from the china doll's eyes. Fumbo was perfectly happy to sit and fumble with his fiddle. Mumbo just lay on the floor staring at the fire and mumbled.

The wind really whippety-whipped around the house now. It whipped down the chimney. It whooshed through the keyhole. It flapped the bush harder against the window. And all the while it made noises like a little lost child crying in the cold. Sometimes it moaned and sometimes it groaned and all of the time it grew louder.

It wasn't long before Jumbo, Mumbo, Fumbo, and Tumbo decided that Pa's trusty shotgun and the light from the china doll's eyes weren't enough protection. They needed even more than that to keep away the spooky spooks and the meany-mean people. So the four scared boys thought and thought. And then they thought some more. You see, it was very important that they think up a good idea.

It wasn't many minutes before Mumbo and Fumbo jumped up with an idea. It was a good one because they both thought of it at the same time, like brothers sometimes do. They said that Mumbo should climb up in the

rafters and moan. Fumbo would go down into the cellar and groan. So it was decided. Even the meanest-mean people and the spookiest spooks wouldn't bother them anymore.

Big Jumbo settled down in Pa's easy chair. He felt very safe with the trusty shotgun in his hand. He could hear Mumbo and Fumbo moaning and groaning louder than the wind. He could see the light shining from the china doll's eyes. All the while the dancing flames in the fireplace kept him warm.

Suddenly there came a tap-tap-tap at the door. Big Jumbo jumped up from his chair and listened. Then he heard a rap-rap-rap at the door which grew louder and louder and louder. Big Jumbo clutched Pa's trusty shotgun and edged over towards the door kinda' sideways. He looked thisaway and listened with one ear. Then he looked thataway and listened with the other. There was no doubt about it. He heard something whimpering outside like a little puppy who can't find his mama. Well, this pitiful noise drove down to the bottom of Jumbo's big heart. He couldn't stand for anything to be sad. So he lifted the latch, turned the knob, and opened the door into the deep, dark night.

Big Jumbo had scarcely opened the door when this big, burly fellow strolled in. He was about as tall as the ceiling and had a mean look in his eye. "Humm. Nice place you got here." And with that he sat down as if it was his own. He sat right in Pa's big easy chair.

You see, this fellow hadn't noticed Pa's trusty shotgun in Jumbo's hands. He hadn't seen the light from the china doll's eyes. He hadn't listened to the moaning in the rafters and the groaning in the cellar. But just as soon as he sat down he started looking and listening. "Ho, there. What's that thing on the mantel there?"

"Why, that's nothing but a china doll with light shining from her eyes." replied Jumbo.

At this the man jumped. He looked thisaway and listened and looked thataway and listened. Then he said kinda' shakily, "And what's that moaning and groaning louder than the wind?"

"Oh, that's just the spirits of my dead ancestors who can't find no rest."

At that the big, burly fellow jumped up from Pa's chair. He was trembling like a leaf. He turned around and looked big Jumbo full in the face. It was then that he saw Pa's trusty shotgun, aimed right at his head. Well, it wasn't but a second before that fellow was out of the door and down the road in a cloud of dust.

Ma and Pa were awful proud of their boys when they came home from Coon Holler. They saw the china doll with light shining from her eyes. They heard Mumbo and Fumbo moaning and groaning louder than the wind. And they saw Pa's trusty shotgun in big Jumbo's hands. It was a fact that the boys could protect themselves from the spookiest spooks and the meanest mean people.



Of Old, Unhappy, Far-off Things

By Katherine Rogers

"Good gracious, Paul, it's time for my class. I won't even have time to finish my coffee." Anne pushed her chair back and glanced around the noisy student center.

"You're not the only one. The only difference between yours and mine is that your class is not dependent on your presence. Mine will leave if I don't get there in a hurry. Sometimes I wish they would."

Horn-rimmed glasses slid over his nose and hooked behind sun-tanned ears as Paul followed Anne toward the door, pulling on his coat as he pushed through the crowd. "Oh Anne, I almost forgot to mention it—there's a concert tonight. Would you like to go?"

A nod of acceptance was all Paul needed. Anne was already half-way up the steps when he turned to go into the classroom building. "I'll see you at lunch," he called after her.

Inside the door Paul was detained in his journey by a burley, crew-cut character who stood directly in his path. "Mr. Richardson," he drawled, "I can't come to class this morning. We're having a big drill for the game tomorrow, an' the coach says I gotta be there."

Paul stood back and took one long, puzzled look at the animal before him, and his eyes softened from irritation to pity. "All right, Brown. I doubt if you and Wordsworth would communicate today anyway. I'll be expecting you in class Monday." With a last effort to read some sort of intelligent expression in the eyes, the tall, slender professor nodded his head and stepped briskly down the hall.

At the same time, Anne was sliding into a back seat in her graduate class. She grasped her attention with both hands to draw it back to the present situation. Alert eyes darted around the room, registering satisfaction and challenge. Her thoughts flew unconsciously to the preparations for the wedding.

Fifty-two minutes later Paul strode into his office, still meditating on the last line of "The Solitary Reaper." He was snapped back to reality as a figure waiting for him in the office rose to greet him.

"Hello, Paul, it's been a long time since we've stood in these halls together."

Paul grasped the firm hand extended to him, and then breaking restraint, enveloped the friend in his arms. A tear ran unashamedly down Paul's tan cheek. "I've not known where to look for you, Weldon. How have you been?"

The young man's eyes met Paul's gaze squarely, then dropped to the floor. "Let's not talk about me, Paul. I have heard some wonderful things about your advancement here at the University -- the youngest member of the faculty, and certainly one of the most competent."

"Oh, no, Weldon, just lucky to get in when I did. The University was desperate for literature professors, and it just happened that there was an opening in my field. So here I am, struggling to give something to these students which will be of value, something they can carry from the classroom and take out of their textbooks. The world is full of beauty and intangible things of aesthetic significance that we all overlook in the mad rush -- oh, the rush to get tickets for the football game while the wash is churning away at the laundromat. I don't have a great deal of knowledge to impart to these students, and for this reason I feel very inadequate as a professor. But I want them to learn to think for themselves, to drink in the beauty surrounding them, to have faith in people, but not to expect too much of them... Here I go again, Weldon. Forgive me for getting carried away. I haven't changed much, have I?"

Weldon's eyes followed every gesture and his lips formed the words as Paul spoke them, as though he wanted the words to be his own. "No, Paul, you haven't changed. I'm so glad. All of a sudden I'm transported back about six years to the times when we discussed the books we had read, the ideas we had heard, and the things we both had tried to write. I've missed

that, Paul."

"I know. It isn't nearly so exciting to learn something when you don't have someone with whom you can share it."

Weldon was smaller in stature than Paul and looked a little older. A heavy crease had already formed in the young man's forehead, emphasizing the heavy brows which shadowed sensitive brown eyes.

"Yes, it's very difficult, Paul, to live in a completely isolated world where you are your own companion, your only confidante -- where you have no one to share your joys and sorrows with, no manner of expressing emotion. It's a terribly frustrating experience to need desperately to find companionship, to go in frantic search for a means of communication with something, and to be confronted by a completely blank wall."

Paul stared in disbelief at the portrait of pathos which stood before him. Weldon had not forgotten. Silently turning, he felt his way to the open window of the office and stood for what seemed an eternity, unable to make any pretense at response. His memory raced back to the interminable hours Weldon had poured out his whole being to him. Literature was always a fascinating topic of conversation between the two college seniors. They would dissect an Eliot poem or delight in a passage from Rumer Godden. The plight of modern man. An intellectual view of God, intermingled with some intangible, indefinable, but accepted aspect of faith. And most of all--Weldon's unsuccessful search for someone to love. These had been productive periods for the young writer--the genius with a typewriter. Paul had sought to keep up with him, but Weldon stepped far ahead in the literary world. Paul would look for Weldon's work in the literary publications with an enthusiasm almost equal to Weldon's own. The last six years had evidently produced nothing.

The last few weeks Paul saw Weldon seemed to be his happiest ones. At long last he had found the one who would make his life a complete, indestructible whole. She was his perfect complement. In her all the loose wires in Weldon's mind and spirit made connection. He worshipped her with every ounce of his being.

Then tragedy struck. And Weldon disappeared. After six years of silence, he was back. Paul turned slowly, his head lowered and his lips open to speak. He looked up, and Weldon was gone -- again. Mechanically Paul closed the door which had been left ajar by the departing visitor. The thin door was ineffective against the noisy confusion outside. As Paul sunk into his swivel chair, the door swung open and permitted the vibrant stable figure of Anne to enter. A question filled her expression.

In a split second she perceived the waves of tension penetrating the normally peaceful abode of the scholar. Slipping off her suede jacket, she quietly crossed the office to the window and waited for Paul to make any explanation he wanted to make. A sudden gust of wind slapped the venetian blind against the window frame, and Paul's eyes met hers. His face showed deep feeling — almost agony.

"Weldon was here."

Anne froze at Paul's words. "How is he, Paul?"

"He hasn't forgotten anything. He's exactly as he was the day he left six years ago. Oh, Anne, I feel so very responsible for him."

Anne crossed the office again and sat in the straight chair next to Paul's massive desk. "Paul, we have discussed this so many times, darling. Please don't blame yourself for anything which happened that long ago. It isn't your fault I loved you instead of Weldon. You couldn't have known anymore than I could have guessed that he was in love with me. Had you been looking for it, of course it would have been obvious, but..."

Paul slipped his hand from the small, white fingers lightly touching his clenched fist. "Don't you understand? This has ruined Weldon's whole life, and you and I are directly responsible. His best friend steals the girl he loves — his motivation for existence — and he is lost. He has destroyed his literary career and has nothing left to live for. How can you be so cold about it?"

He winced as the words pierced the air. For a moment he paused. Then picking up his coat, he made his exit without turning to look at Anne.

The shock of Paul's words left her immobile until impulse pushed her from the chair. Outside Paul was nowhere to be seen. Slowly she descended the steps and turned down the deserted walk toward the drive. Habit directed her footsteps toward Paul's car. With a start she realized where she was. There stood Paul before the open car door, his face covered by his large, expressionful hands. Lightly she touched his arm. He jerked away without even looking up.

"Go on home, Anne. I've got to go."

"Please let me go with you. I know you don't want to talk with me, Paul. I couldn't talk either. Just let me go." Anne's eyes pleaded with him.

"I'm sorry, Anne. I'm going to find Weldon."

With a gentle vehemence Paul closed the door and turned the ignition. Anne stepped back and watched the blue car creep around the circle. For several minutes she stood looking after Paul. As she started to move down the street, a car pulled up beside her and Paul leaned over to open the door.

"I guess it would be better for both of us to look, Anne. I can't help Weldon alone."

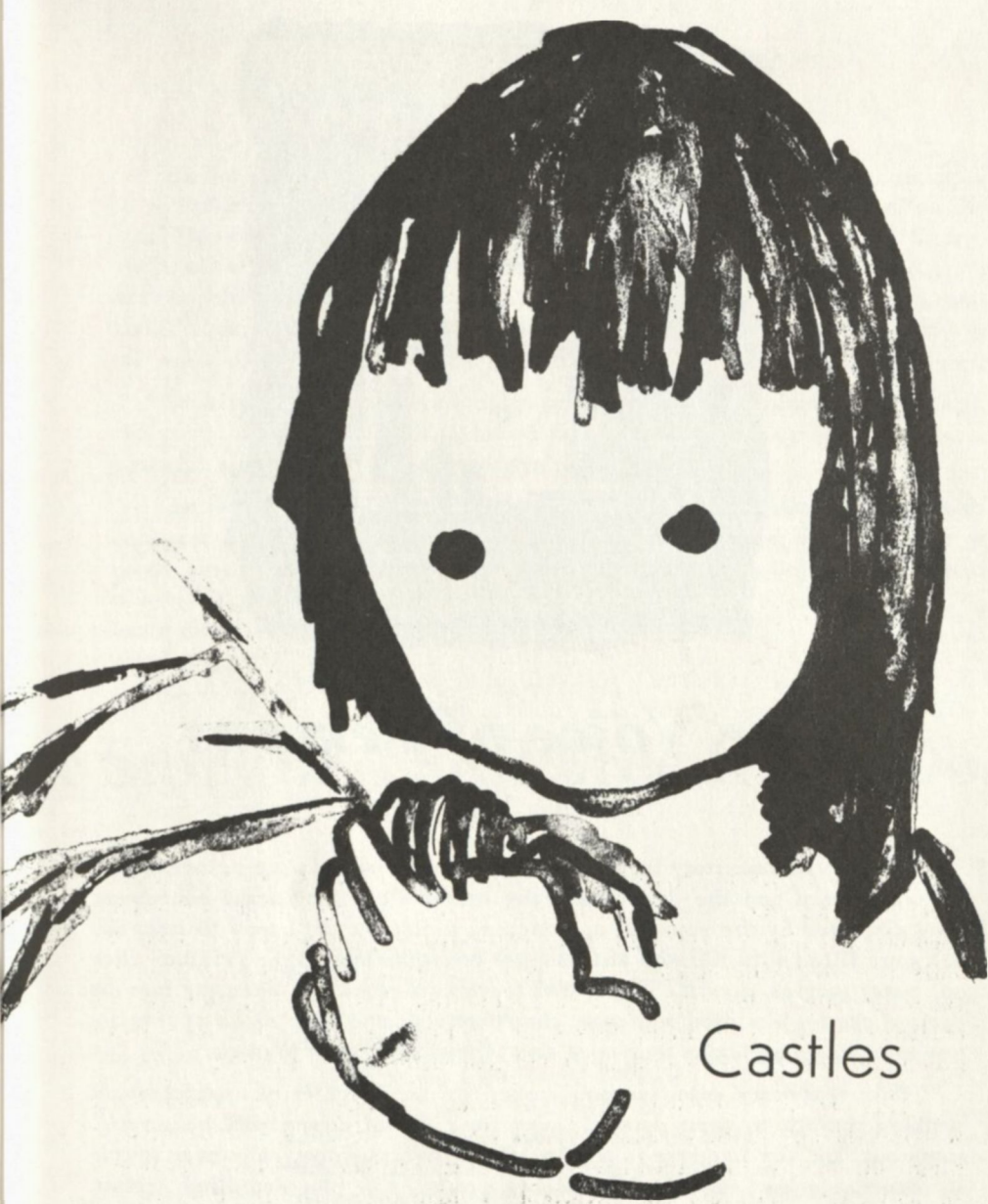


Impressions

*Small baby cries bushed by large dark arms
While a household sleeps unaware.
Milk and cereal hand-fed with silverspoon
And one gold curl brushed by black hands.
Baby talk and spirituals blending in the
wakening dawn.*

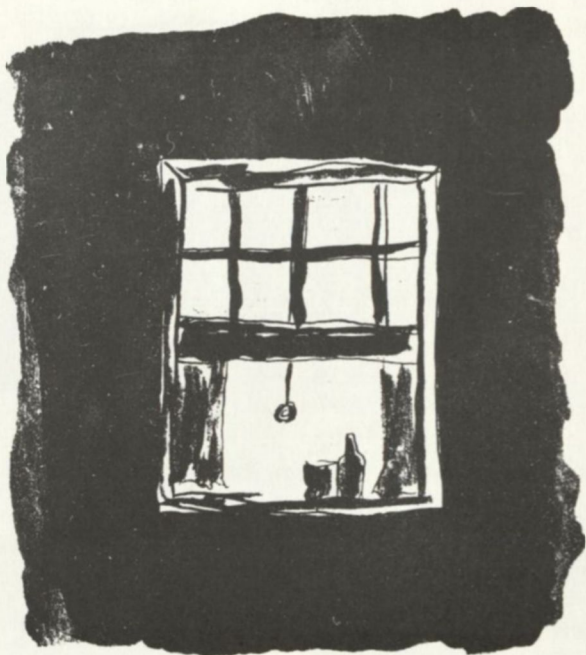
*Warmth within the gray-yellow kitchen
Nurse and child separate from the sleepers,
Joyous in shared love; different in color.*

Beth Mason



Castles

*Cool green waves play with tanned bare feet.
Pudgy fingers shape round towers of soaked crystal sand.
Curious eyes find brilliant shells to use for doors.
Vagrant water fills a hand-etched moat
A gray sand-piper picks his way to visit.
White-capped waves receive their signal
And throw their force onto the beach.
A castle crumbles, a child cries.*



The Voice of Persons

By Sylvia Hutchinson

Quietly the dormitory rests now, and the only sounds are an occasional creaking board and the drip of a leaky faucet. But the vacant echoes are soon dispelled by the sound of approaching footsteps and happy voices. The halls are filled with buzzing after-supper conversation. Light switches click on, water gurgles from the pipes, and toothbrushes swish. When the last excited chatter has died out, desk chairs scrape, and deep sighs of resignation are uttered as books drop open and typewriters begin to click.

This temporary calm is soon broken by the laughter of upperclassmen walking through to their dorm. "Quiet Hour -- call downs will be given!" rings out, and the laughter is temporarily stifled. Suddenly a buzzer sounds in someone's ear, and she invariably produces a blood-curdling scream. "Yes? --- I have a caller? Oh my! -- I mean -- I'll be right there." The rattle of coat hangers, accompanied by, "I haven't a thing to put on!" follows close behind. Then all is again quiet -- as quiet as a girl's dorm can be, that is.

a grating r-r-r-ring pierces the air a moment later, and numerous feet scurry in its direction. An excited returning patter is soon heard, followed by a quick knock, and, "It's for YOU, and man, does he sound cute. Wish MINE would phone." A squeal from one and a sigh from the other are followed by the inevitable, "sh-h-h-h -- QUIET HOUR!!" and everyone settles down once more.

As the evening progresses, a chair scrapes here or there, and an apple or a cookie crunches as someone takes a break. Then at ten p. m. on the dot, "Pep rally at the fountain" spreads swiftly. "Where's my hat?" "Hurry, we'll miss all the fun." Strains of ".....cheer yellow and the white.....", accompanied by vigorous clapping, echo through the now empty halls, and soon "Hail, Wesleyan, thou emblem of all that is grand...." drifts softly in the windows. Laughter and footsteps are heard again; then exhausted quiet.

Soon there is a gentle knock on each door and a whispered, "Taps in the study parlor." This is followed by the soft shuffling of tired feet; a peaceful silence; then a new spring in returning steps.

As the dorm prepares for the close of another day, one hears the rush of water from the showers, the slam of dresser drawers, and the click of bobby pins in plastic cases. Light switches snap off, and talking fades into whispered good-nights. All noises cease, except for an occasional creaking board or the drip of a shower, and the hush of another night settles over the dormitory.

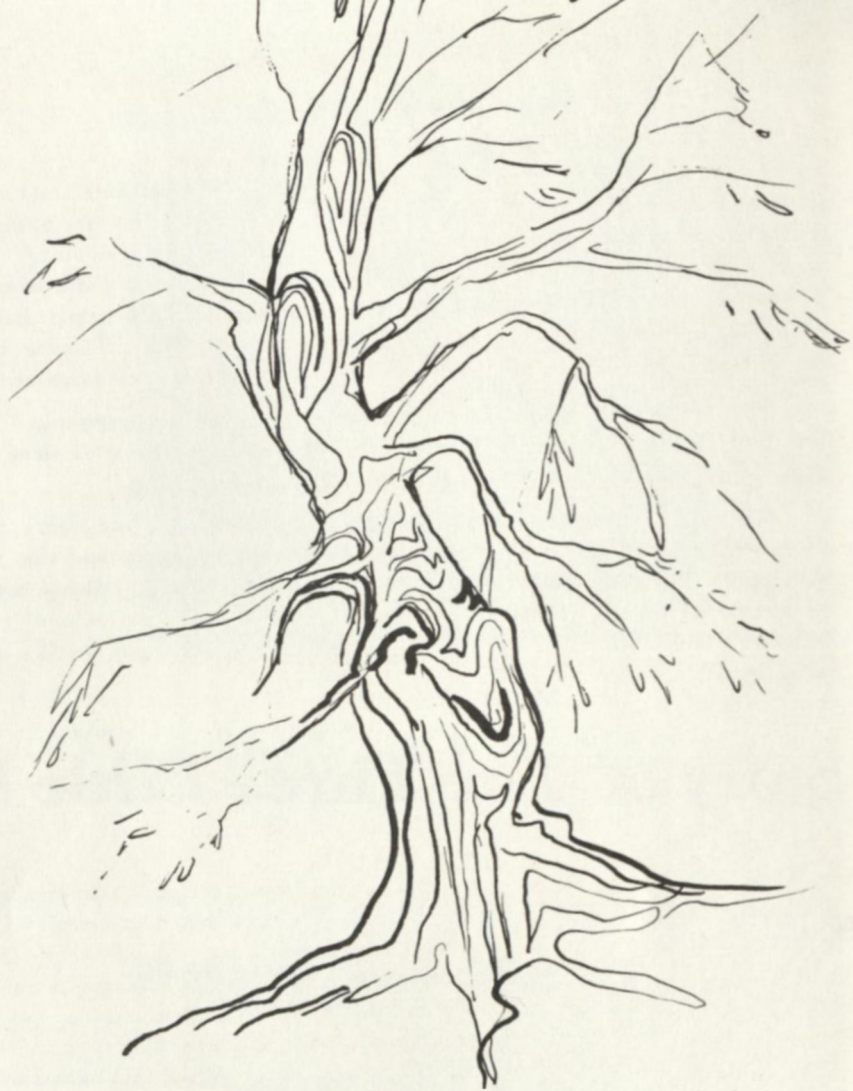
The Story of The Three Little Dogs

*Old Bulldog Bill bluffed his way up the hill
To the summit which big dogs inhabit.
With intolerant scowl
And omnipotent growl
He attained the position of Babbitt.*

*Harsh tones of bark safely hid in the dark
Muttered threats to the vicious employer.
With cockiest claims
Using most awful names
Proudly boasted a tiny toy-terrier.*

*Soft spaniel eyes, 'most inaudible sighs
From below disapproved of this bragging.
A most lovable bound,
Unassumingly sound,
She contented herself with tail-wagging.*

Katherine Rogers



Sojourn and Realization

*My one request was granted:
I left infinity
to return to my one-time
realm of breath, of senses.*

*I approached the place
with anticipant heart—
its lovely memory
deeply etched in my mind:*

*The cool greeness
that slipped quietly
from low-hanging leaf tips
into the untroubled pool;*

*The time-bent trees
never mournful, infinitely wise,
patiently tolerant of
fools and memories—*

I approached the place eagerly.

*But, alas—
I found myself in
a place of evil,
shrouded in black hate;*

*The deep-sleeping pool,
The eternal trees
boiling and tossing
in agonizing turbulence;*

*The place swarmed
with twisted forms
leaping, running, shouting
in violent confusion.*

*In pain, I cried,
"Where am I?
"What place is this?"
Whereupon one of the forms
Approached me, grinning,
"Why, friend, this was your world."*

Carolyn Renolds



The Ballad of Puppydog

*once i had a tom cat
named puppydog
he came on little catfeet
like s'burg's fog*

*when he was gay
he acted like people
but when he was sad
he feigned quite feeble*

*oh, puppydog, puppydog
where have you been...*

*then one day
he met a girl cat
(we thought her a he
but he was really a she)
and that, my friend, was that!*

*oh, puppydog, puppydog
where have you been...*

*now this puppydog cat
was indeed a gent
but to his emotions
he was inclined to give vent*

*so when the pseudo-mehitabel
pss-sst-ed catsecrets in his ear
poor old puppydog said,
"but of course, my dear!"*

*oh, puppydog, puppydog
where have you been...*

*alas and alack
and forsooth indeed
"come back, dear puppydog,"
we his family did plead*

*but look back
he did not
as he pranced
from that spot
of our grief he cared not a jot*

*oh, puppydog, puppydog
where have you been...*

*it was a good month later
when from out of the fog
i heard the wee small cried
of our beloved puppydog*

*yes it was puppydog
(a bit worse for wear)
his coat wet and ruffled
and not an ounce to spare*

*after rubbing him dry
and feeding him then
he looked up at me
and said with a grin,
"never again, not ever again!"*

*oh, puppydog, puppydog
where have you been...*

Carolyn Reynolds

And True Night Came

By Julianne Snelling

*Based on the Greek myth of
Phaethon and the Sun god.*

Here lay the shining, magical things in his very hands! Here was the means to a night of supremacy, that held—within his reach—speed, passion, and unrelinquished excitement.

He paused just before descending the front steps. So full of rapture that he was forced to pause for a single moment and catch his breath. This was too much! He gazed down at the key, moist on his palm. Only a moment ago this key had been hidden in the depths of his father's blue serge, a forbidden object. It had taken much persuasion to bring them forth, but now it was done! No, it was not done! It was actually just beginning! With this ecstatic thought, he gave the key a small toss and hurriedly crossed the damp grass to the garage.

With an almost animal-like anxiety, he slid open the heavy door and let himself in. And there it was, waiting for him, expecting him to come. Ever so slowly he ran his palms over the smooth metallic surface, careful not to cause a single blemish. Then seating himself behind the wheel, he leaned back and sniffed in the delicious odors of oil and rubber. His hands caressed the leather interior as gently as they had fondled the outside surface. Yes, this was too much!

Able to restrain himself no longer, the boy suddenly jabbed the key into place and pressed the button that brought alive this magnificent machine. A loud roar, a sharp screech, and an aftermath of exhaust fumes were all that remained.

The black ribbon stretched smooth before him and was eaten up. He hastened to escape the lights and people of the town and all worldly things. "Dad," he recalled having said, "let me take her out for just one run, let me get the feel of her." The million directions, the hesitations, the cautioning, and finally—the surrender.

The ocean road was close. The familiarity of it rang clear. The smell of it, the feel of it, and that unmistakable sound. How beautiful speed makes things. The ocean becomes a mere hand mirror, the moon a whitish comet, and the soft sea breeze a lashing whip. It pours upon one the scent of the currents, instead of allowing the odor to drift idly to the nostrils. And then there is Katy. He suddenly wanted her there beside him, sharing this staggering experience. Now! Now! Katy—blue dress that shamelessly revealed ivory shoulders and clung to curved breasts. Reddened, full smile; eyes like wet violets; thick, dark hair blowing against his cheek, eternally getting in his way. This was Katy, this and so much more.

He felt the forward surge of a great animal and he knew what it was to fly. And he was flying! He became aware that he had left the road behind and was wandering far out over the cliffs and down to the breakers. Then soundlessly his wings folded and he remembered, somewhere in the past, the crash of a white rail fence and the blinding radiance of oncoming headlights. But this was far in the past, it couldn't have happened only a moment ago!

The sea was coming closer now and he was glad, for it was growing warm. He felt twisted and strained and oh so hot! And then, oh God no! It was burning! He was burning! He recognized the smell of burning flesh, combining with an odor of smoldering metal. Oh God, stop the burning!

The coolness came and was good. The hotness had faded and true night was on its way. And Katy hadn't known, hadn't seen. Oh well, he would show her tomorrow. Right now, he needed desperately to sleep.



Nature's Quietness

By Marianne Stelpstra

In the midst of a hurrying world with milling crowds and rushing conveyances, tight schedules and overstimulated activities, the seashore has calmness where inward and outward activity is restrained by moments of quietness.

Four miles south of a steel grey toll bridge that crosses the Halifax

river at Port Orange, Florida, is a stretch of beach still in its wild state. As I lay on the loose, yellow-white sand and feel bathed by a stream of warmth from the sun, the creatures of the beach become alive, and a living drama is portrayed. The sandpipers with their long bills and quick, almost jumpy, motions as they run after small shellfish, bring a smile to my face. The sea gulls occasionally screech to each other as they dart about the tide line seeking food, as the little sandcrab, almost indistinguishable from the sand, runs sideways towards his tunnel for safety.

The dunes, great rolling mounds of sand that are restless and never still, have a thin covering of sea oats. The greenish-brown grasses wave their heads with rhythm as the sea breeze blows, while down at the roots of the sea oats, brown moss grasps at the chance to be in the sunlight. As the plants thin out towards the top of the dune, rusty tin cans, whole and crushed, are seen along with the remains of a campfire. On the sheltered side, or the western side of the dune, scrub palms and cacti grow. As the sun grows hot, at noon, I can see the leaves curl up as the moisture is evaporated; however, as evening comes with a breeze and heavy dew, the plants revive.

Walking along the tide pools among the trapped fish and sea life gives me a feeling of humility toward life. As the sun's rays beat down upon the pools, which are often not more than three feet deep, the sea life begins to move slower and go to the cooler water at the bottom. Six hours later when the tide begins to rise, a quickening is sensed in the pools, and the sea life begins to stir. As the tide returns, I can picture Neptune with his white beard raised in the wind over his shoulder riding on his sea-horses as they stir up the snowy white turf of the rolling green-blue expanse.

The sea rolls in and the tide goes out with never ending motion. At high tide when the current is especially strong, backwater may be seen. As this happens, the water rushing out to sea is turned back by the incoming tide and a spray of sand and water is formed. If the day is windy, white caps and great waves may be seen; however, when there is no wind, the sea is crystal clear and has only an occasional breaker rolling in.

Upon sitting down again, the crashing of the breakers harmonizing with the whistle of the wind is the only noise I hear. As the lacy white clouds move across the sky in gliding motions, I realize that here is a quietness that soothes the mind as well as the body.

The setting sun casts its rays upon the sand making it a golden flame, the hues of pink, violet, and indigo are in the sky, and the ocean is colored with streaks of blue and green. The air becomes cooler and the breeze dies down until there is just a ripple of movement seen among the sea oats. As the evening draws to a close, I must return to a world that is filled with trial and disappointment; but the solitude and quietness of the seashore will always remain a haven of peace and quietness for me.



Two Winters

*An' Charlie an' Susie an'
all the rest*

*Made angel wings in the snow
and from twigs blew
the white dust — to and fro
and laughed at the bitter
cold warmth*

*While treading softly on snow
crust.*

*Their wooly mittens balled with ice.
They twice picked icicles
and sucked till numb.
And leaped on ice puddles
To hear the snapping—crum—bling
sound.*

*And Charles and Susan and
all the rest
now walk with mufflers
And with heads bowed
And frown
at the bitter cold cold.*



Night Song

*a Night sky
with stars
as diamond dust sprinkled
on rich black velvet*

NIGHT Song (Cont.)

*a Night river
smooth and slow
with a purpose
in its soft
feminine murmurings*

*a Night bird
calling softly and contented
to his mate
distant in another place*

*a Night tree
swaying green and
melancholy branches
to the rhythm
of the wind*


*a Night meadow
rustling tall
graceful grasses to soothe
a weary earth*

*a Night lover
whispering warm thoughts
to his tenderly-held beloved—
whispering in the warm
infinite embrace called love*



*a Night
this is its
soft and warm music;
this is its*

Song

Carolyn Reynolds



THE VIOLETS WILL BLOOM



*(let there be statesmen
arguing debating
discussing legating*

*let there be beat-men
negating defiling
rebellling reviling*

*let there be clergymen
smiling preaching
unmoving beseeching*

*let there be little men
reaching minding
seeking finding*

*let there be big men
blinding glowing
lacking blowing*

*let there be good men
knowing believing
questioning preceiving*

*let there be sad men
grieving crying
accepting dying)*

*the violets will bloom:
the cynic's great joke*

Carolyn Reynolds

Lift My God

*When God stumbles, who holds the world upright?
Who leads and loves when cause for love is gone?
Who tames the brute and calms the angel forth?
Who says your fear is nothing, hope is right?*

*Oh lift my God up, you who crashed Him down.
Rebuild the faith your words have written down
To dust and hate, with doubt you drowned a love
For — — — Oh lift my God, whom you have crashed down.*

*Into the desert, into the exile,
Into the Hell of Hope Crashed Down.
Dry cracked faith with sand is one.
Oh lift my God crashed down.*

